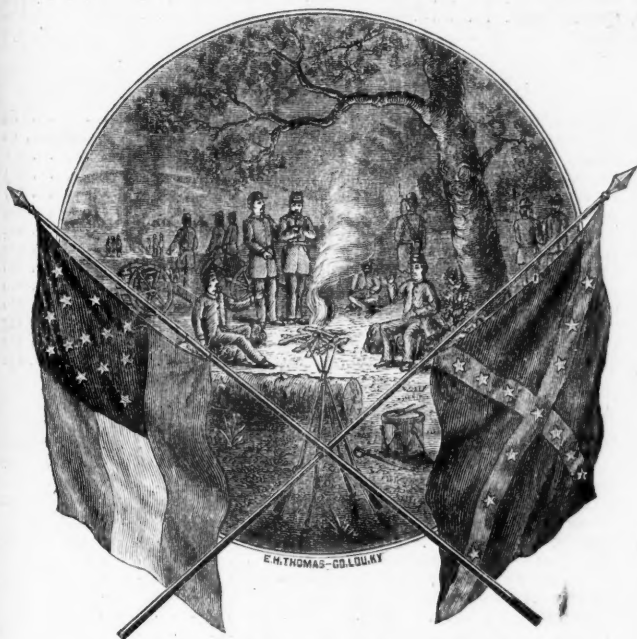


Vol. 1.

FEBRUARY, 1883.

No. 6.

THE  
SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.



PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE  
SOUTHERN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION OF LOUISVILLE.

**TERMS: \$1.50 per Year, Payable in Advance.**

ADDRESS:  
EDITORS OF "THE BIVOUAC," LOUISVILLE, KY.

PRINTED AT THE COURIER-JOURNAL JOB ROOMS.

Entered at the Post-office, Louisville, Ky., as second class matter.

## CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER.

	PAGE.
1. KENNESAW MOUNTAIN. <i>Geo. S. Storrs,</i> . . . . .	135
2. ADVENTURES OF A CONFEDERATE, . . . . .	140
3. OUR NAMELESS GRAYES. A POEM. <i>Sallie Neil Roach,</i> . . . . .	148
4. GENERAL MORGAN—HIS CAPTURE AND DEATH. <i>J. J. McAfee,</i> . . . . .	149
5. LOUISVILLE DURING THE WAR. <i>Wm. McCready,</i> . . . . .	157
6. CAVALRY VERSUS INFANTRY. <i>W. N. McDonald,</i> . . . . .	160
7. WHAT A SOLDIER SAW AND KNOWS. <i>W. M. M.,</i> . . . . .	167
8. REMINISCENCES, . . . . .	171
9. EDITORIAL. . . . .	174
10. QUERY BOX, . . . . .	176
11. TAPS, . . . . .	178

## CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER.

1. TERRY'S TEXAS RANGERS. <i>A. P. Harcourt,</i> . . . . .	89
2. A CORRECTION—SECOND BATTLE OF FORT DONELSON. <i>Edw. T. Lincoln,</i> . . . . .	98
3. HARCOURT'S REJOINER. . . . .	101
4. CHICKAMAUGA. <i>John H. Weller,</i> . . . . .	103
5. AFTER HARTSVILLE. <i>J. O. Scott,</i> . . . . .	107
6. A RAILROAD ADVENTURE. <i>J. S. Jackman,</i> . . . . .	109
7. THE BATTLE AS THE RECRUIT SAW IT. <i>W. M. M.,</i> . . . . .	112
8. A SOUTHERN WOMAN'S LETTER, . . . . .	114
9. CHAPLAINS OF THE FOURTH KENTUCKY. <i>Fred Joyce,</i> . . . . .	116
10. NINTH KENTUCKY CAVALRY. <i>C. B. Tydings, M.D.,</i> . . . . .	119
11. OCTOBER MEETING SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY, . . . . .	120
12. THE PRIVATE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER. <i>W. M. M.,</i> . . . . .	127
13. QUERY BOX, . . . . .	129
14. TAPS, . . . . .	131

## CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER.

1. THE BATTLE OF HARTSVILLE. <i>B. W. Duke,</i> . . . . .	41
2. ON THE BANKS OF SHENANDOAH. <i>Wm. Winston Fontaine,</i> . . . . .	52
3. ISLAND NO. 10. <i>Alpheus Baker,</i> . . . . .	54
4. CHARGE OF THE FIRST KENTUCKY BRIGADE. <i>J. M. Tydings,</i> . . . . .	62
5. INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CAMP DOUGLAS CONSPIRACY. <i>B. R. Froman,</i> . . . . .	63
6. THE BEEF SEEKERS. <i>Nondescript,</i> . . . . .	69
7. THE TWO DOGS. <i>Fred Joyce,</i> . . . . .	72
8. COLUMBIA AFTER SHERMAN'S EVACUATION. <i>T. H. Ellis,</i> . . . . .	74
9. ORGANIZATION OF SOUTHERN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION, . . . . .	78
10. QUERY BOX, . . . . .	80
11. TAPS, . . . . .	82

## CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER.

1. OUR FIRST PAGE, . . . . .	I
2. RECOLLECTIONS OF VICKSBURG DURING THE SIEGE. <i>W. O. Dodd,</i> . . . . .	2
3. BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE MILITARY LIFE OF THE LATE COL. THOS. W. THOMPSON. <i>John L. Marshall,</i> . . . . .	11
4. WAR-TIME MEMORIES. A POEM. <i>Mrs. Sallie Neil Roach,</i> . . . . .	15
5. SIXTEEN YEARS AGO. <i>T. C. Allen,</i> . . . . .	18
6. THE MANIAC'S CALL. A POEM. <i>Mrs. Amonda Keith,</i> . . . . .	22
7. THE YOUNG COLOR-BEARER. <i>E. H. McDonald,</i> . . . . .	23
8. A BIVOUC REVERIE. <i>W. M. Marriner,</i> . . . . .	27
9. LEE'S RETREAT. <i>W. N. McDonald,</i> . . . . .	28
10. QUERY BOX, . . . . .	35
11. TAPS, . . . . .	36

AGE.  
135  
140  
148  
149  
157  
160  
167  
171  
174  
176  
178

89  
98  
101  
103  
107  
109  
112  
114  
116  
119  
120  
127  
129  
131

41  
52  
54  
62  
63  
69  
72  
74  
78  
80  
82

1  
2

11  
15  
18  
22  
23  
27  
28  
35  
36

# CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY.

1. BATTLE IN MOBILE BAY. <i>Jas. D. Johnson,</i> . . . . .	228
2. "THE FLOWER OF CAVALIERS." <i>Wm. Winston Fontaine,</i> . . . . .	236
3. ADVENTURES OF A CONFEDERATE, . . . . .	237
4. CAPTAIN WILLIAM LASHBROOKE. <i>John P. Marshall,</i> . . . . .	247
5. LOUISVILLE DURING THE WAR. <i>Wm. McCreedy,</i> . . . . .	249
6. LETTER FROM JOHNSON'S ISLAND. <i>Asa Hartz,</i> . . . . .	251
7. HEEL AND TOE. <i>Nondescript,</i> . . . . .	255
8. A FEW LITTLE INCIDENTS. <i>Jas. Montgomery,</i> . . . . .	260
9. WHAT A SOLDIER SAW AND KNOWS. <i>W. M. M.,</i> . . . . .	262
10. EDITORIAL, . . . . .	265
11. QUERIES, . . . . .	266
12. TAPS, . . . . .	267

# CONTENTS FOR JANUARY.

1. GEN. LEE ON SEWELL MOUNTAIN. <i>Andrew McDonald,</i> . . . . .	PAGE 182
2. STONEWALL JACKSON'S FIRST CONFEDERATE COMMAND. <i>E. H. McDonald,</i> . . . . .	184
3. ADVENTURES OF A CONFEDERATE, . . . . .	186
4. GEN. A. P. STEWART'S REPORT, . . . . .	199
5. THE REBEL AND THE GOBLER. <i>Mrs. Amanda Keith,</i> . . . . .	202
6. THIRTEENTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY IN STUART'S RAID. <i>R. S. Harrison,</i> . . . . .	203
7. AN AMUSING INCIDENT. <i>Dr. C. B. Tydings,</i> . . . . .	208
8. GENERAL HUMPHRIES. <i>D. W. Sanders,</i> . . . . .	209
9. AN OLD COAT OF GRAY. <i>W. M. M.,</i> . . . . .	210
10. WHAT A SOLDIER SAW AND KNOWS. <i>W. M. M.,</i> . . . . .	211
11. A FAIR DIVIDE, <i>Nondescript,</i> . . . . .	214
12. THE LAST RATION, . . . . .	217
13. EDITORIAL, . . . . .	219
14. QUERY BOX, . . . . .	220
15. TAPS, . . . . .	221





# THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

---

## BATTLE IN MOBILE BAY.

On the 18th May, 1864, the Tennessee, like a giant on stilts, was taken in tow by a river steamboat, with her own propeller working at the same time, and passed through Spanish River through the gap left in the obstructions, and across the bar to a sufficient depth of water to float her. She was accompanied by an additional steamer carrying coal for her use which was transferred during the passage, the other having on board a large gang of laborers to relieve her of the camels when no longer required. The ordnance-stores and ammunition had been put on board while awaiting the completion of the camels.

She was anchored in the lower part of Mobile Bay, at a distance of about six miles from its entrance, and was of course in full view of the blockading fleet of the enemy. About midnight the camels were sent adrift, steam gotten up, and every preparation made to get under way for the purpose of crossing Mobile Bar and attacking this fleet, but when the anchor was weighed it was found that the vessel was hard and fast aground. Consequently the idea of taking the blockaders by surprise had to be abandoned, and on the following day, when the tide rose sufficiently to float her, she steamed near to Fort Morgan and anchored. Here she was soon joined by the gunboats "Gaines," "Morgan," and "Selma," three small wooden vessels, mounting in all sixteen guns of small caliber, and manned by about three hundred men. They were commanded, however, by gallant and efficient officers, and rendered all the service that could be expected of them.

As soon as the enemy discovered our little squadron assembled within such close proximity, the blockading fleet was increased by the arrival of four heavy sloops of war, in addition to the eight gunboats of which it had previously been composed, and it was quite

Vol. I, No. 6—16.

evident that our movements were closely watched by them. But no incident of any moment occurred until on the 4th of July following the "Tennessee" was gotten under way for the purpose of practicing at a target in the bay, which at this point is nearly nine miles in width.

The gunboat Gaines was anchored about a mile from the "Tennessee," and as the latter was approaching her in her course toward the point selected as the base of target practice, the wheel-rope (or chain) by which she was steered suddenly gave way, and but for the instantaneous resort to the relieving tackles, the Gaines would have been sunk at her anchors by the prow of the "Tennessee," an event which would certainly have caused a hearty laugh at our expense from our Federal friends outside. Our target practice gave very satisfactory evidence of the good training the crew had received in handling their guns, but we were not permitted on this occasion to have all the fun to ourselves in the way of shooting off our guns, as the unwelcome guardians of the entrance to our harbor amused themselves at the same time by testing the range of their Parrot rifles, a "lamp-post" shot from which came skipping over the surface of the water occasionally from a distance of nearly four miles. Of course they did no damage, but they served as a gentle reminder that two could play at the same game.

We returned to our anchorage late in the afternoon, and the next morning I went up to Mobile to request the admiral's authority for strengthening, and at the same time altering, the arrangement of the steering-apparatus of the vessel, but as there was no telling at what moment the enemy might attempt the entrance of the bay, and the desired alteration could not then be made without placing the vessel in a comparatively defenseless condition for a few days, he decided not to undertake it at that time. But when he came on board the vessel, some two weeks later, and examined the steering-gear, he ordered me to Mobile to bring down the naval constructor and let him make the desired alteration. This was to pass the wheel-rope (or chain) under the afterdeck instead of along its surface, but before the change could be made the enemy's fleet came steaming into the bay, as had been apprehended, and we had to fight him with the imperfect weapons at our command.

On the 3d of August it could be plainly seen from our anchorage that the vessels of the blockading fleet were making preparations for action, and during the day two double and two single-turreted monitors were anchored inside of Sand Island, which formed a protec-

tion against the swell of the Gulf of Mexico, being situated immediately in front of the entrance to Mobile Bay, distant about three miles. The next day was employed by them in hauling up their boats on this island, and making such minor changes in the equipment of the vessels as the occasion required. Meanwhile the "Tennessee" and her consorts were put in fighting trim and arrangements made for shipping cables and making a sudden dash at the vessels of the enemy as they approached.

On the morning of the 5th of August, at about six o'clock, they were crossing the bar and heading for the entrance between Forts Morgan and Gaines. As the channel took them quite near to the former, and too far from the latter for it to be considered an obstacle, our only reliance for any measure of coöperation in our efforts to dispute the passage of the forts was necessarily placed upon Fort Morgan, and when the vessel came within range of her guns they were vigorously used in endeavoring to cripple them, but only one of them received any material damage, and she brought up the rear of the fourteen wooden vessels, the smaller of which were lashed to the sides of the larger, the latter being placed on the side nearest to Fort Morgan. The four monitors formed a separate line between this fort and the wooden vessels, the lead being taken by one of the single-turreted monitors mounting two fifteen-inch guns. When within about a mile of the fort she fired the first gun from the Federal fleet and steamed quietly but sternly toward the bay without any further demonstration of her hostile intent. Meanwhile the more rapid movement of the steamers brought them directly between the two forts, and as our little squadron had been under way from the moment that the first gun was fired, they did great execution with their batteries at this time by raking the enemy's vessels as they approached. The "Tennessee" was impatiently awaiting the moment when she could make use of her prow by ramming the leading vessels of the line. Just at this juncture it was discovered that some confusion had been created by the sudden stopping of the leading ship, and that the admiral's ship, which could be distinguished by his flag, had passed her, whereupon all the speed that the "Tennessee" could command was put forth to cross her course and run into her broadside, two shots from our bow-gun being delivered at her during the approach, and at such short range that it has always seemed little short of a miracle that she was not struck by them. When Admiral Farragut saw that the ram was approaching unpleasantly near to his flagship, her helm was put to starboard for a few moments to avoid

her, and then changed to clear the shoal water extending for some distance off Fort Gaines; so she passed beyond the possibility of being caught by the "Tennessee," whose speed she could double. All the wooden vessels of the fleet, following close after the admiral's ship, were now fairly within the bay, and he seemed to feel that he could quietly take possession of its waters; accordingly he proceeded to a point about four miles above the forts, where he was in the act of bringing his fleet to anchor when he discovered that the "Tennessee" took an entirely different view of the situation, and was making all possible haste to correct that impression by renewing the attack singly and alone, for the moment Admiral Buchanan found that his hope of making use of the "Tennessee" as a ram was dispelled, his order to me was, "Follow them up, Johnston; we can't let 'em off that way." Of course this order was promptly obeyed, but as our pilot had been wounded and was unable to direct the movement of the vessel, while I was not sufficiently well acquainted with the location of a dangerous shoal called the "horse-shoe," and yet knew to be not far distant, it became necessary to turn the head of the vessel for a moment in the direction of Fort Morgan.

While performing this evolution, and when the firing had ceased for a few moments, I heard the crew of the Tennessee cheering at some occurrence which I had not noticed from the pilot-house, and on inquiring the cause the reply came from several voices, "That monitor 's sinking, sir," and placing my eyes near one of the apertures in the side of the pilot-house, I saw a leading monitor reeling over on the port side, and almost instantly she turned her keel out of water and sank bottom upward in eight fathoms of water. Only eight or ten of her crew were rescued from a watery grave out of a hundred and twenty, and these were saved by jumping from the turret and seizing a boat which had been towing astern of the vessel, or was sent from one of the wooden vessels. It was afterward learned that this was the Tecumseh, and that she was superior in many respects to any vessel of her class which had then been constructed. She was commanded by Captain T. A. M. Craven, who had specially requested Admiral Farragut to allow him to take care of the Tennessee. It was evident that she had been struck by a torpedo, but whether by one of those planted in the channel by the Confederates, or that she had one attached to a spar projecting from her own bow, has never been ascertained. The latter supposition has good foundation in the fact that she had reserved her fire until within a few yards of the Tennessee, and had run foul of a large iron buoy placed to indicate the channel to blockade-runners.

As soon as the fleet had fairly entered the bay, they separated, and the gunboats, eight in number, went at once in pursuit of the three weak little vessels which composed Admiral Buchanan's squadron; but they only succeeded in capturing one of them, and that after a most gallant resistance on the part of Lieutenant Commanding P. U. Murphy, of the *Selma*, who yielded only after his executive officer and a large portion of his crew had been killed at their guns by the two superior vessels which had chased him several miles up the bay.

The gunboat *Morgan*, under the command of Commander Geo. W. Harrison, after having rendered good service in resisting the entrance of the fleet into the bay, was placed alongside of the wharf at Fort Morgan, and during the night passed through its vessels and up to Mobile without being seen by the jubilant and intoxicated enemy. She was subsequently engaged in the defense of the city.

The gunboat *Gaines*, under the command of Lieutenant Commanding John W. Bennett, having received several shots below the water-line and being in a sinking condition, was run on the beach near Fort Morgan and burned by her own crew.

While this disposition was being made of our gallant admiral's squadron, he was, as before stated, quietly steaming up to the attack of the already victorious fleet of the enemy, and when he approached with the *Tennessee* alone, within a mile of his nearest vessel, they were all under way, as if by magic, and each struggling to get the first blow at the insolent ram, which they vainly hoped to sink by running at her with full speed and sliding upon her deck, the forward and after ends being not more than eighteen inches above the water. In addition to this worse than futile mode of attack, the two hundred guns of the fleet were directed at her, and fired with all the rapidity and precision that a confident adversary and every possible advantage of speed and position could make.

During this terrific bombardment I was stationed in the pilot-house, directing the movements of the vessel, while the admiral exercised the most active personal supervision over the firing of the guns, allowing no opportunity to escape of placing a shot where it would do the most good. As the wooden vessels approached for the purpose of ramming the ram, a percussion shell would be sent through their bows and carry death and destruction through to the stern, but still the blow came from them, and more to their own damage than to the ram, as, although struck five times by these heavy vessels at top speed, the only effect upon her efficiency was to

cause her to leak at the rate of six inches an hour. Such was the strength of her shield that when struck by the solid eleven-inch shot of the enemy, at the closest possible range, they would merely indent the tough iron and break in pieces. Over ninety of such indentations were found in her sides after the action. They were partially penetrated only once, and then by a fifteen-inch solid shot fired from a distance of about one hundred yards.

A far worse result than this was achieved, however, by these repeated attempts to sink the vessel, in the discovery by the enemy of her most vulnerable point—the exposed arrangement of her steering apparatus. A shot eventually came which swept away the chain by which she was steered, with the blocks and tackle of its substitute, called relieving tackles, thus destroying at once all control not only over the management of the vessel but over the direction of her fire, as it has before been explained that her ports were too narrow to admit of turning her guns. At the same time the smokepipe had been shot away, and the smoke from the furnace came pouring down through the gratings which formed the upper deck, on to the heads of the crew, while the thermometer was standing at one hundred and twenty degrees on the gun-deck. The Tennessee had thus become simply a target for the guns of the enemy, and the wooden vessels appeared to have retired from the contest, leaving the monitors to complete her destruction at their leisure. The covers of the bow and stern gun-ports had been struck while they were down, and so jammed against the shield as to preclude the possibility of using those guns except in broadsides, and the enemy was not slow to perceive this fact. Accordingly he avoided our broadsides, and stationed the remaining fifteen-inch monitor on our starboard bow, and the two with double turrets immediately astern, from which points they delivered their heavy missiles with deliberate accuracy, eventually succeeding in so weakening the after end of the shield as to cause it to vibrate very perceptibly at every concussion.

In the course of their bombardment Admiral Buchanan sent to the engine-room for a machinist to back out the pin which held the pivot bolt upon which the port-covers revolved in place, but while he was so engaged a shot from one of the monitors struck the port immediately outside of the spot where the machinist was sitting, and the concussion was so great that he was completely crushed, and all that could be found of his remains had to be taken up with a shovel and placed in a bucket. At the same moment the admiral received a wound from an iron splinter, breaking his right leg below the knee,

and one of the gun's crew was killed by a splinter striking him in the breast.

It was immediately reported to me that the admiral had been wounded, and I went aft to see him and receive his orders. I found him in the arms of the men, who were carrying him to the surgeon, on the lower deck, and as I approached he said, "Well Johnston, they've got me; you'll have to look out for her now." After a brief expression of condolence, I returned to the forward part of the deck, looking through the ports as I went, to see if there was any chance of getting a shot at any of the enemy's vessels, and while so engaged, I felt the deck careen suddenly at an angle of fifteen or twenty degrees, and exclaimed, "Hello! what's that?" to which one of the officers replied, "One of the ships running into us, sir," and, turning my head, I saw the bow of Admiral Farragut's flagship in the act of rebounding from our port quarter, while her crew were assembled on the bulwarks and firing at every one on board the *Tennessee* who showed his head through the port. While I was standing near the after-gun on the port side, looking through the port, and the crew were hastily reloading the guns, a pistol-shot struck the loader in the left ear. He fell to the deck a moment, but scrambled back to his place and rammed home the shot which the admiral's ship soon received at very close range. This was the last shot fired by the *Tennessee*, and it was from a gun manned by the marine guard of the vessel. Returning to the pilot-house for the purpose of ascertaining whether any of the enemy's ships were within range of our broadside guns, as there were none in sight from the deck, I perceived that another large ship was rapidly approaching us on the star-board quarter, but at so great an angle that it was impossible to bring our guns to bear upon her, and some twenty-minutes had now elapsed since our last shot was fired. Realizing at this time that there was no longer any hope of our inflicting any greater damage upon the enemy, and that any further show of resistance would only result in the useless destruction of the lives of those under my command, I repaired to the lower deck and communicated the situation to Admiral Buchanan, who replied, "Well, Johnston, if that is the case you had better surrender," whereupon I returned to the gun-deck, and after taking another view of the surroundings as far as practicable, and being confirmed in my estimate of the situation, I went to the top of the shield and took down the flag. It had been shot away repeatedly during the fight, and was then secured to the end of a boat-hook stuck through the grating of which the deck was formed.

After removing the flag, I returned to the gun-deck, and, as the enemy continued firing at us, I remembered the fact of the frequent disappearance during the engagement, and that consequently the hoisting of a white flag was required to indicate our surrender; accordingly, I reascended to the top of the shield, and complied with this form, upon which firing ceased. Just at this moment, however, the ship which had been approaching us on the star-board side, had so nearly reached us that, although she was stopped, and her engines reversed, her momentum was so great that the contact could not be avoided, and as she struck, her commander appeared on her fore-castle, and hailed, saying, "This is the United States steamer Ossipee. Hallo, Johnston, old fellow, how are you? I'll send a boat alongside for you. LeRoy, don't you know me?" I have no distinct recollection of my reply, but I am quite sure that I would have preferred to renew my former friendly acquaintance with this gallant officer under more congenial circumstances. The boat came alongside, and I was conveyed aboard the Ossipee, where Captain LeRoy met me at the gangway with a cordial greeting, and had his servant in readiness with a pitcher of ice-water, kindly remarking that he knew I must be dry, but that he had something better than that for me down below, and inviting me to his cabin, placed a bottle of Navy sherry, as he called it, and which I found to be vertiable eau de vie, before me with a plate of cracked ice, begging me to help myself *ad libitum*, as I might get drunk with impunity if so inclined. He also placed his state-room and bureau of good clothing at my disposal, but notwithstanding the depleted condition of my wardrobe, I did not avail of his hospitalities beyond a moderate indulgence in brandy and ice, my spirits at the time requiring an elevating stimulus more than ever before or since. Admiral Farragut soon made signal for me to be brought on board his flag-ship, where he received me at the gangway with the remark, "I am sorry to meet you under such circumstances, Captain Johnston," to which I replied, "You arn't half so sorry to see me as I am to see you," and his flag captain, Percival Drayton, said to me, "Well, Johnston, it can't be said that you have not nobly defended the honor of the Confederate flag to-day," a compliment which I cheerfully relegate to the officer whom I shall always regard as the true hero of that occasion, Admiral Franklin Buchanan.

Captain Drayton invited me into the cabin of the Hartford to give a list of the officers and crew of the Tennessee, and while there I was approached by Captain Nicholson, of the monitor "Manhat-



tan," and asked the question to which of the vessels of the fleet I had surrendered. My reply was, "I surrendered to the fleet under the command of Admiral Farragut," at which he modestly subsided. I was then returned to the *Ossippee*, whence the admiral soon sent for my sword, which I had left in the cabin of the *Tennessee* and relinquished with great reluctance as it had been made expressly for me and presented by one of the officers of the station. Owing to the extraordinary strength of the *Tennessee's* shield there were only two killed and ten wounded during the action, although there was a perfect hail of solid eleven-inch shot on her sides for nearly two hours, while the official reports of the enemy show that there were four hundred and seventy killed and wounded on board his vessels, a number quite equal to the entire force under Admiral Buchanan.

The fleet under Admiral Farragut was composed of fourteen wooden vessels and four monitors, manned by three thousand men and carrying two hundred and two guns. Four of his heaviest ships were so disabled as to compel their immediate return to the North for repairs, and one of his monitors was sunk by a torpedo.

I remained six days on board the *Ossippee* as a prisoner of war, together with two of my lieutenants and my servant, while the crew of the *Tennessee* were distributed temporarily among the vessels of the fleet and subsequently sent to Ship Island. Admiral Buchanan's wound prevented his immediate removal from the *Tennessee*, and he was brought up from the lower deck and laid upon the top of the pilot-house. Here he was visited by the fleet surgeon, who brought a message from Admiral Farragut tendering him the use of any of his vessels to convey him to any point he might designate. His reply was, "Tell Admiral Farragut I am a prisoner of war in his hands, and expect nothing from him beyond what is usually extended to prisoners of war by civilized nations." That evening he was transferred to a small dispatch-boat and sent to the hospital at Pensacola Navy-yard, where the prisoners on board the *Ossippee* followed a few days later, Captain Murphy, of the *Selma*, and myself being also placed in the hospital, as I was suffering with a painful disease and he had been slightly wounded.

In conclusion, I can not refrain from expressing my surprise that the capture of the *Tennessee* by such an overwhelming force should have elevated the commander of the fleet which achieved it to the highest pinnacle of naval fame. Any other result was scarcely within the range of possibility.

## "THE FLOWER OF CAVALIERS."

Mourn, mourn along thy mountains high !  
 Mourn, mourn along thine ocean wave !  
 Virginia, mourn ! Thy bravest brave  
 Has struck for thee his last good blow !  
 O southwind, breathe thy softest sigh—  
 O young moon, shed thy gentlest light—  
 Ye silver dews, come weep to-night  
 To honor Stuart, lying low !

The princeliest scion of royal race\*—  
 The knightliest of his knightly name—  
 The imperial brow, encrowned by Fame,  
 Lies pallid on his mother's breast !  
 How sadly tender is her face !  
 Virginia dearly loved this son,  
 And now, his glorious course is run,  
 Tearful she bows her martial crest.

She bows her head in the midst of war,  
 With booming cannon rumbling 'round—  
 'Mid crash of musket, and the sound  
 Of drum and trumpet clanging wild.  
 Fierce cries of fight rise near and far ;  
 But "*dulce et decorum est*,"  
 For him who nobly falls to rest—  
 Virginia mourns her peerless child.

The fair young wife bewails her lord,  
 The blooming maidens weep for him,  
 Fierce troopers' eyes with tears grow dim,  
 And all, all mourn the chieftain dead !  
 Place by his side his trusty sword—  
 Now cross his hands upon his breast !  
 And let the glorious warrior rest,  
 Enshrouded in his banner red !

No more our courtly cavalier  
 Shall lead his squadrons to the fight !  
 No more ! no more ! his saber bright  
 Shall dazzling flash in foeman's eyes.  
 No more ! no more ! his ringing cheer  
 Shall fright the Northman in his tent ;  
 Nor, swift as eagle in descent,  
 Shall he the boastful foe surprise.

\*General J. E. B. Stuart sprung from the Royal House of Scotland.

But when his legions meet the foe  
With gleaming saber lifted high,  
His name shall be their battle-cry!  
His name shall steel them in the fray;  
And many a Northman 'neath the blow  
Of Southern brand shall strew the ground,  
While on the breeze the slogan sound,  
"Stuart! Stuart!" shall ring dismay.

Mourn, mourn along thy mountains high!  
Mourn, mourn, along thine ocean wave!  
Virginia, mourn! Thy bravest brave  
Has struck for thee his last good blow!  
O southwind, breathe thy softest sigh—  
O young moon, shed thy tenderest light—  
Ye silver dews, come weep to-night,  
To honor Stuart, lying low!

---

#### ADVENTURES OF A CONFEDERATE.

##### CHAPTER IV.

A ride of ten or fifteen minutes brought Captain Ross and his scout to the deserted Indian camp in the open space, where the evening before he had received his first hostile shot. There dismounting, a thorough search was made in every direction to discover if possible the direction taken by the Indians on leaving. The captain was satisfied that this was the same party led by Black Abrams, both from the talk of Howling Wolf and from the tracks which he and Tom Herneſt had examined the day before, and which he now found repeated in the soft ground around the little palmetto hut. One of these tracks was unmistakably that of a negro. It had all the characteristic marks. The track of an Indian is long and narrow and the toes always turn inward, while the track of a white man turns toes outward, and in nine cases out of ten exhibits the mold corresponding to the hollow of the foot. A negro's track on the contrary has no hollow opposite the instep and is generally broad and straight resembling more nearly the track of a large bear, for which it might easily in muddy ground be mistaken. He was convinced therefore that this was Abram's track; but where was his party, for up to this time the most thorough search had only resulted in the discovery of

two different tracks. Where were the others? Howling Wolf had said they numbered thirty warriors, and the messenger who had brought the news of their bloody raid to Tampa had put them at a larger figure still. While debating the matter in his own mind the rangers still being actively engaged in further search, he was interrupted by a faint halloo coming from up the river. Some of the boys recognized in it the voice of Tom Hernest, and all of them with one accord proceeded in that direction. A few minutes' walk brought them to the edge of the hammock where they found Tom awaiting them, apparently excited by some discoveries which he had made. He led them eagerly to the bank of the river and pointed to the marks of a deserted camp. A number of little black spots on the ground covered with ashes and the charred remains of burned wood told where their camp-fires had been huilt, and the soft mud on the river's edge showed where seven canoes had been drawn up out of the water. Here then was the solution sought. The marks of the camp proved that a considerable body of Indians had stopped here, and the traces of the canoes exhibited the mode of their departure. They must have passed down the river during the night when our rangers were quietly sleeping. This they could easily have done, for the nearest tent was at a hundred yards from the edge of the river, and no sentinel had been posted on that side, as the thought of the Indians being in possession of boats had never entered Captain Ross's mind, nor in fact was he aware at that time of the neighborhood of the enemy in such force as was now developed.

He was therefore about to conclude that for the present the Indians had escaped and return to camp, but just as he was going to give orders to that effect a new turn was given to the condition of things, by the advent of a stranger in the shape of a small black dog. He was a wiry little fellow, with keen, sharp eyes, black as jet, not a white hair on him except a small white spot in the center of his forehead. His ears stood erect and he resembled in appearance a half grown wolf. Where did he come from? whom did he belong to? and what was he doing here? were questions that suggested themselves to each and all. There could be but one theory in regard to him and that was urged by Tom Hernest. "Look here," said Tom, "this here dog belongs to these Indians. They hain't all gone down the river in them canoes. There's some on 'em been hunting and this dog went with 'em." "How do you know?" said Dolly Golding. "Well, it looks to reason," replied Tom, "that if they'd all gone in the boats, this dog would a gone too, but he was away when they

left. Now why," said Tom, sententiously, "should this here dog have been away? He wouldn't 'a been away if some one hadn't a been with him. Dogs don't go off from camp without his owner or friends go with him, and this dog has just got back ahead of his friends, that's all."

In the meanwhile the dog seemed indisposed to cultivate the acquaintance of any of the boys. After snuffing around a while he tucked his tail between his legs, and sitting down on his haunches, set up a dismal howl.

"This won't do boys," said Tom, "if there's Indians behind that dog a following him up, his howling will scare them off. Get hold of him Dolly and we'll put a stopper to his clatter." Following Tom's directions the boys maneuvered around and finally got hold of the dog, and put a halter round his neck. He did considerable snapping at first, but finally quieted down and being fed showed his gratitude by licking the hand of Dolly, who had given him a chunk of meat.

"Come boys," said Captain Ross, "we mustn't stay here all day, let us circle out from here, and if there is any thing in Tom's theory about the dog, we'll discover the trail of the Indians somewhere hereabout."

Mounting their horses the rangers started off, gradually widening the circle, in search of marks. They had not gone half a mile from the deserted camp before they found what they were looking for, in a distinctly marked trail crossing a little slough which trickled off to the southeast in the direction of the river. The soft nature of the the ground and the wet grass plainly exhibited traces of a body of men who had crossed the slough in single file. This is the way that Indians always travel, no matter how large a body of them may be going together, they always march in single file. This is also a habit noticeable in wild animals who go in herds. On a closer examination it was discovered that the footsteps had been made either during the night or on the evening before, as the dew had fallen upon them. They all tended in the same direction and indicated that not less than thirty or forty Indians had passed by this route. Among the tracks were several small ones, indicating either women or boys. One only was directed to the river and that one was the track of a dog, but recently made, the condition of the grass showing the dew just shaken off where he had trotted. Tom Hernest examined the tracks closely and asserted them to have been made by the same dog that had come to them at the deserted camp.

"You see, boys," said Tom, "these red varmints come down the river in their canoes and were joined on the river thar," pointing to the abandoned camp, "by some of their friends, whom they had either left behind or who had come thar to meet 'em; and now part of 'em have gone down the river in the boats and the others have taken this course, and this dog's master has gone with the boats and the dog never missed him till this morning, when he come back to hunt him up, or else they have gone to hide the boats and will jine the rest by some other way, being afraid to go past our camp with the boats, and by jingo," said Tom, looking eagerly on the ground. "if here ain't that cussed nigger's track agin."

"Sure enough," said Dolly Golding, "and ain't he a whopper if the balance of his body is as big as his foot—lordy, what a huge un he must be." As the trail was now a plain and undisguised one the signal was given to mount, and the whole party were soon in hot pursuit, speculating glibly as they rode upon the chances of soon overtaking the Indians, and the consequent probabilities of a fight and victory; for there was not a doubt in the minds of any of our rangers as to the results, just let them once get within range of their red foes. What a curious thing is human nature. Here were thirty young fellows, born of God-fearing parents, in a law-abiding community, reared to habits of peace and industry, quiet farmer boys all of them, men who had never in their lives spilled the blood of a fellow-being in anger or killed any thing more than a squirrel or perhaps a deer, and who knew nothing of war or bloodshed, save what the most intellectual of them perhaps had read in history, and yet here they were thirsting for the lives of the Indians. Gloating by anticipation over the triumph in battle they expected to achieve; talking gayly and laughingly over the shooting and slaying of their fellows without one thought of the consequences to any one outside of the respective actors. And yet they were not bad-hearted, vicious men, nor did their present frame of mind or spirits indicate that hereafter they would fail to treat their parents, their brothers, sisters, and friends at home with the same kindness and affection they had always displayed. Yet so it is, and the fact serves but to show that man has two natures, one of which lies dormant until developed by circumstances. And you may live your lifetime with a person without knowing any thing of this second nature unless the events happen which are calculated to awaken its existence.

The trail led southwest and passed over an arid waste for many miles, made arid by the heat of the sun and the scarcity of water.

It was with great difficulty it could be followed. Here the new dog came into play, and had it not been for him the trail would at times have been altogether lost. But the dog made himself useful. He unerringly led the rangers along the route his red friends had traveled. Forward they went until they reached the pine woods skirting the great prairie, then along the edge of the pine woods, stopping only to bait their horses and to snatch a hasty morsel themselves at noon, until late in the evening they stopped for the night out in the prairie in one of the green islands of palmetto and oaks which occasionally dotted its surface. But here they were puzzled, for the last fifteen miles they had seen no sign of water and were in great distress from want of it. The day had been exceedingly warm. Summer was approaching, and in that latitude the heat of the sun in the daytime is intense and oppressive. Without water animal suffering becomes very great. But necessity is the mother of invention. The boys had been looking round for water or some indications of its presence, and one of the troopers, Joe Swichord, who had followed the calling of a well-digger at home, found a small saw-grass pond, or rather what would have been a pond in wet weather, but at present it was perfectly dry. However, Joe thought that water could not be far off, so he went up to the camp and got the captain's sword and with this began his experiment of digging a well. In about a foot from the surface he was rewarded for his perseverance by water seeping into the hole he had dug. It was not pure, but to the hot, tired, and dusty boys it drank like nectar. Pretty soon several holes were dug and due course of time the thirst of both men and horses was fully quenched.

The boys started to water the horses out of their hats, but the horses in their eagerness soon showed them a better way by kneeling down and taking the water directly out of the holes.

The night passed without disturbance. An hour before day the bugle-call was sounded and soon the men were up feeding their horses, getting breakfast, and making ready for an early start. By daylight all hands were mounted and the troop was soon again upon the trail of the Indians whom they hoped to catch some time during the day. Their route ran southeast across the open prairie. None of the boys had ever been in this section of country before. It was wholly wild and uninhabited. Many parts of it had probably never been trod by the foot of a white man. And as the Seminole Indians were of a thoroughly barbarous nature, living altogether by hunting and fishing, they had no stationary residences, no towns or even

villages, but moved about from place to place as their necessities required. None of the command had any personal knowledge of the country through which they were passing, but they were all of them born and raised in the woods and had learned the woodman's craft in their hunting and fishing expeditions. Captian Ross had with him an old map of a topographical survey of the country made by the United States engineers during the war of '43, at the time the old forts spoken of in a former chapter had been erected; beside this, he had an excellent pocket compass, so that there was no danger of going far astray or of getting lost. The course they were traveling would, according to the captain's calculation, bring them by noon to the point on the Istopoga Creek, where Lieut. Weeks with his scout was to join them, and in all likelihood they would be able to overtake the Indians before reaching that point. This he felt satisfied of accomplishing if the Indians had made any halt during the night, for he had ridden fast during the previous day under the hope and expectation of overtaking the pursued on that day. The boys were jubilant and excited over the pursuit and talked eagerly of the coming fray. About ten o'clock a rather curious incident happened. The men were passing a slough single file and crossed what casually seen appeared to be a large log. Billy Peckham was the last one to cross. He was riding a small sorrel pony mare. The supposed log was an immense alligator lying there sluggishly in the mud, and just as Peckham jumped his mare over it, her fore foot slightly struck the alligator's back and it made some movement, exactly what it was or how it was done Peckham could not tell, but hearing him yell the boys looked back and saw him floundering in the mud on his back and the pony also down, while the supposed log was moving off up the slough. A most singular sight indeed. The alligator was killed and measured between seventeen and eighteen feet in length. Peckham's pony was irretrievably injured; her fore shoulder was dislocated. She had to be killed, as it was impossible to do any thing with or for her. Peckham was mounted on one of the lead mules of which there were three in the party, and the route was resumed.

The course of the trail was unchanged, and about noon the scout struck the old military trail, just as Captain Ross had expected, and about a mile further on they came to the place where Lieut. Weeks was to join them, but nothing could be seen of either Weeks or his men. Here Captain Ross baited his horses, and allowed his men to get a snack, hoping that in the meanwhile Weeks would come up; but the time passed, and the trail was resumed without the appear-



ance of the expected reinforcements. The Indians had taken the old military road, and continued their journey southward, and strange to say our rangers had not as yet come upon any place where they had halted, though halted they must have been, to have rested and eaten during the last two days of their travel.

The day was very warm. The sky was as blue as the deep sea, and not a fleck of cloud dotted the heavens in any direction; nor was there the friendly shade of a single tree to protect the rangers from the intense heat of the sun, the rays of which, reflected from the ground, were visible, and played in the circumambient air like millions of little glossy-winged insects. The prairie seemed interminable—earth and sky in all directions, and no sign of any living thing, except here and there, in the distance, a deer or a wolf might be seen loping off as he sighted the travelers. Not a breath of air was stirring either to break the monotony of the heat. But for the heavy dews and the cool, delicious nights this portion of Florida would be intolerable during parts of the year. But the nights are always pleasant, and the body that lies down at night tired and overheated rises in the morning refreshed and reinvigorated. A ride of six or seven miles, however, brought them in sight of a hammock of low-lying timber, principally cypress and cabbage-palmetto, to the right of the trail, indicating the existence of a swamp, which apparently extended for miles to the southwest, while to the left of the trail could be seen a serpentine stretch of green timber, showing where the Kissimee River ran its winding course, while between the river and the swamp, crossing the trail, was a growth of gallberry bushes, saw-palmetto, and saw-grass, growing to the height of a man's shoulder—the bushes and grass indicating the nature of the ground they grew upon to be wet and marshy. This strip of marshy ground was about a hundred and fifty yards in width, and extended all the way from the swamp on the right to the river on the left, and was so much lower than the surrounding prairie that the tops of the bushes appeared to be on a level with the grasses of the prairie surface. So that to the eye of a superficial observer there seemed to be no break in the monotonous evenness of the country. The sun was now some two hours high, and as our troopers approached the place indicated the quick eye of Tom Hernest, who was riding in front beside his captain, discovered something moving at the distance of a half mile ahead, apparently in the very trail they were pursuing. At first he failed to make out what it was, but pretty soon Tom called out, "Indians, by jingo! Captain, it's a woman and a boy!" And

Vol. I, No. 6—17.

sure enough an Indian woman and a boy could plainly be seen walking leisurely along the trail as though they had either not discovered the approach of the rangers, or were indifferent to their near neighborhood. They were quietly wending their way without looking to the right or left. Captain Ross scanned the horizon in all directions but could see no sign of any thing else within the reach of his vision. The two Indians could be plainly seen from their knees up, trudging along, while from the regularity of the surface between them and the Indians, it was impossible for them to discover the depression which existed in the ground ahead of them.

"This looks mighty curious, captain," said Tom. "What are these Indians doing out here by themselves? Thar's something suspicious in this thing." "I don't know about that, Tom," replied the captain, "but there's one thing, old fellow, we'll soon take those two, and then maybe we can find out where the rest are. We will gallop after and overtake them." "I aint so sartain of that, captain," said Tom. "I never saw many Indians, but I've hearn tell a heap about their maneuvering and circumventive ways. And it looks to me as if them Injuns ain't a gwine 'long thar for nothin', in sich a careless sorter way. We better look into this thing fust, before we run into trouble."

"Why, what trouble can we run into, Tom?" said Dolly Golding, riding alongside, and joining in the conversation. "There ain't a thing 'tween us and them; and not a place to hide a rabbit, leastways an Injun in, and that swamp over thar (pointing to the cypress trees on the right) is too far off to hide any Injuns which can hurt us. I'm in for grabbin' on 'em right away. What you 'fraid of, Tom?" "'Fraid!" said Tom, the least bit scornfully, as he repeated Dolly's last word. "I don't think I'm afraid, for myself; though a man can't always tell, seeing as how I've never bin in a fight, its unpossible to know adzactly what I'll do when I git thar. But I do hope," said Tom, earnestly, "that I won't run. But it seems to me, Dolly, that them 'ar Injuns is too confiding like. They makes out like they don't see us, but you bet them Injuns knows as how we're here, as well as we do ourselves. Then what makes them go along thar as tho' they hadn't a thing in the world to fear? It looks mighty suspicious, mighty suspicious!"

All the time the troop had been pursuing their way, and the woman and boy went ahead in the same manner of security they had first exhibited. Tom's words had some effect on the captain, who had felt like commanding an immediate race after the fugitives, as he

saw nothing in the surroundings which would hinder their instant capture, as they were too far from the swamp to hope to reach its secret fastnesses before they could be overtaken; but to meet the ideas advanced by Tom, he called a halt with a view of holding a consultation as to what was best to be done. A short discussion ensued, and the almost unanimous conclusion was, to give immediate chase. Every thing was made ready, and at the word of command the troop broke into a sharp run, the two Indians then being about three or four hundred yards ahead. The noise made by the rangers apparently, for the first time, attracted the attention of the fugitives. They looked around, and then with a yell took to running as hard as their legs would carry them. The boys, excited by this fact, stuck spurs to their horses, and with redoubled speed went clattering after.

Alas, for the vanity of human hopes! The rangers had not gone more than a hundred yards in their rapid career when the ground and bushes into which they had now rushed seemed to swarm with Indians, and the prairie resounded with the rattle of firearms and the unearthly warwhoops of the red devils as they rose from behind the neighboring bushes and poured volley after volley into the suddenly-halted and confused ranks of the troop. But though stunned, surprised, and thrown into the utmost disorder by this unlooked-for ambuscade; and though neither Captain Ross nor any of his men had ever before been under fire, they all alike behaved admirably, and with the greatest intrepidity. They found it impossible to charge upon the Indians because of the softness of the ground. Its boggy nature, as much as the sudden firing of the savages, having arrested their progress. Ross saw, too late, the whole scheme of the ambush, and bitterly repented his not taking Tom Hernest's advice. But this was no time for regret—he must act. As he could not advance, and as the position they occupied was the most exposed one they could have possibly assumed, they must e'en turn tail and get out the best way they could. In the meanwhile his men were using their guns as rapidly and as well as they could under the circumstances, and already several of the savages had been seen to fall beneath the unerring fire of Tom Hernest's rifle, while Dolly Golding's carbine had made its mark. Tom noticed that a body of Indians, under the leadership of an immense negro, were moving to their right with the view of getting into their rear, when he called the captain's attention to the fact, and the captain ordered the retreat sounded. A moment later and the troop had extricated itself from the bog and were flying

pell-mell in full retreat. Just at this moment Dolly Golding, who was about fifty yards behind, riding an ugly little brown mare, which had a two-month's-old colt following her, yelled out at the top of his voice, "Stop, boys, stop; for God's sake, stop, my mare has lost her colt." But there was exactly at that moment no stop in the boys; nor did they stop running until they had gotten beyond reach of the Indian guns, when the captain called a halt and reformed his lines. But all were not there. Poor Joe Swichard had fallen, shot through the brain. Never again would his pleasant laugh cheer the camp, nor his inventive genius relieve their necessities. Paul Ricketts, too, had been killed at the first fire, while several had slight flesh wounds. Nothing to hurt, but a good deal to brag over in the future; for soldiers, when a war has ceased, foster their scars and love to exhibit their evidences of battle to the generations which have risen thereafter.

What was next to be done? Captain Ross was exceedingly mortified over the result, so was his entire command. For several days now they had been in eager pursuit of the enemy; for several days now they had fully expected to overtake the enemy, conquer and capture him, and now—bitter humiliation—they had come upon him unexpectedly, and had been forced to fly. This will never do (thought the captain). If we quit thus, and the story gets abroad as it will be sure to do, the honor of the rangers is gone forever. We must redeem ourselves, and how is it to be done?

The Indians are more numerous than we thought they were, and they occupy a position where we can not reach them on our horses and they show a spirit we hardly expected them to exhibit. He called Tom to his councils, and between them they decided to dismount, leave two men in charge of the horses, and with the remainder charge the enemy on foot and force them from their position. No sooner said than done. The men were dismounted, the arms examined, and every thing put ship-shape for the coming struggle. The boys were given instructions to form in a single file three or four feet apart like skirmishers, then at the word to charge upon the foe, availing themselves of every object of protection possible, but still move forward so as to drive the enemy into the open prairie. The instructions being thoroughly understood, and the men formed in line, the word was given, and away they dashed. To their great surprise they gained the bushes without the firing of a shot. On through the bushes and still not a sound save such as they made themselves in passing through the mud and bushes. Presently they

emerged into the open prairie on the other side of the slough. The Indians had silently withdrawn. The noise of galloping horses attracted their attention. They gazed in the direction whence it proceeded, and within a few hundred yards they beheld Lieut. Weeks and his party coming on a run. This at once accounted for the absence of the Indians. They had seen the approaching accession and availing themselves of the height of the bushes had prudently stolen off to the swamp. Captain Ross realized this as soon as he noticed Weeks's command, and immediately hastened to his horses, with the view if possible of cutting the Indians off from the swamp, which was probably about a quarter of a mile from the battle-field. Motioning to Weeks to continue his ride in the direction of the swamp, he hurriedly mounted and put off at full speed in the same direction. But it was too late. The last savage was seen in the outskirts of the swamp as they rode up.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### CAPTAIN WILLIAM LASHBROOKE.

KILLED—Near Sharpsburg, April 8th, 1865, WILLIAM, son of Peter and Frances B. Lashbrooke, of this county, in the thirty-fourth year of his age.

Of the circumstances causing the sad dispensation, which has deprived the family of a noble, dutiful son, a loving brother; the circle in which he moved, of a kind friend; and the community of an excellent citizen, we can say but little. We have never seen one of a more heart-rending character—one more fully calculated to call forth general sympathy. Away from, yet so near to, those he loved, while striving to reach them, passed from earth, without warning, the spirit of our friend. Although it was allowed them to pay the last sad tribute of love and affection to his remains—to lay his body away in the old family burial-ground, it seemeth hard that after so long a separation; that after escaping so many dangers; after the sufferings he had endured, that he must fall as it were on the very threshold of home, without even receiving the embraces of those for whom he risked so much, and if he must die, might he not have been permitted to have spent his last moments surrounded by relations and friends, to witness, ease, and calm his dying struggles. Hard though it be, let us not complain. We know not but that in mercy he was taken. We knew him well; we have met him in the peaceful avocations of life, amid the din of battle, in camp, and on beds of suffering. He hath ever been the same friend—kind, quiet, unobtrusive, uncomplaining—a gentleman every where. Farewell, dearest friend, 'tis hard to give thee up. Comrade, rest; thy warfare's o'er, the battle has been fought, and heaven is won. Grieve not, father; mourn not, mother; weep not sister, brother, friend; altho' in his love for you

he fell, he has left behind him a reputation unsullied, a character without reproach. Priceless jewels, indeed! You know that the solemn messenger found him prepared, with his lamp trimmed and burning. You know his worth; his virtues are worthy of imitation, and if you follow in his footsteps, in the straight but narrow way; if you heed the warning, "In life we are in death," then hath he not lived in vain; then the loss may even be your gain. Rely on Him who tempers the storm to the shorn lamb. May He lighten your sorrow, soften your grief, and comfort you in this your great affliction, so that you may even say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

H. D. W.

The foregoing obituary notice, clipped from an old file of the Maysville (Ky.) *Eagle*, and sent to the SOUTHERN BIVOUC by the family of its subject, will call to the minds of many of our readers who were members of the "Orphan Brigade" the genial and soldierly Captain William Lashbrook, of Company I, Fourth Kentucky Infantry. Wounded in almost every battle in which he was engaged, and they were many, he was, just before the close of the war, detailed to come into Kentucky for the purpose of recruiting his company, which had been reduced by the casualties of war to about one tenth of its original numbers, and was indeed but a skeleton of the proud and gallant body of men which had followed the lead of the spirited and dashing Thompson up to the date of his promotion to the majority of the regiment. Leaving his regiment in South Carolina, Captain Lashbrooke made his way into Kentucky through the mountain gaps, and was within a day's ride of his home when he was shot and killed by "home-guards," near Sharpsburg, Bath County, Ky. His mission was an extra hazardous one under the then existing state of affairs, but accepting it as a sacred duty, he never once questioned its advisability or shrank from the dangers which encompassed him in filling it to the best of his ability. The soldier who had confronted death on many stricken fields, and whose body was covered with honorable wounds received on the perilous front of battle, was murdered from an ambush. In the discharge of a dangerous duty he met his death, the death of a soldier, brave and true. The news reached his command just before the curtain dropped on the last scene of the war, and the manner in which it was received by all grades of his comrades attested the respect, confidence, and love which he held in their hearts. Had he reached his home it is safe to say that Union men would have vied with Southern men in shielding him from harm, so great was his personal popularity.

## LOUISVILLE DURING THE WAR.

It was almost impossible during the war to get correct information regarding the battles that were almost daily being fought at some point or other. No papers from the South being accessible, the people had to depend exclusively on such news as they could get from northern journals, and these were so unreliable and highly colored in their reports of what was taking place between the hostile forces as to be almost worthless.

Perhaps one of the most ingenious editorials ever written by the brilliant and talented George D. Prentice appeared in the *Louisville Journal* after the seven days' fighting around Richmond, which resulted in McClellan having to seek the protection of the gunboats on James River to save his army from annihilation. This most disastrous defeat was glowingly and eloquently described as one of the most masterly pieces of strategy of ancient or modern times, and McClellan was extolled as the greatest military genius to which the world had given birth, having accomplished successfully what in the annals of warfare had never been attempted before, namely, that in the presence of a powerful army largely outnumbering his own he swung his right wing around so as to completely flank his enemy and obtain a position which enabled him to drive back and overwhelm with great loss the armies of Lee, open communication with the gunboats on James River, and establish a base of supplies. This is a specimen of the reliable war-news with which the papers were filled, and upon which the people were expected to regale their voracious appetites every morning.

But there was always a large amount of what was called in those days "grape-vine" news. Much of this was as unreliable as the news of the papers indicated. But some of it came from authentic sources. Reliable private dispatches were of course continually received by the general in command of the department; but the papers were not permitted to publish any war-news until it was approved of by the military authorities. And the farther it was from the truth the more likely it was to obtain this approval.

In order that none might escape home-guard duty during the war, and also as a species of punishment that would reach a class that could not well be reached and punished otherwise, the general in command of the department issued commissions to certain gentlemen to raise companies of home-guards, to be composed of men from forty-five to sixty years of age who were not physically disabled.

By a mysterious dispensation of Providence, or some other influence, Judge C. F. T. was one of the lucky, or unlucky, military spirits that was called into existence by one of those commissions. Alarm was depicted on the countenances of the Reb. element as soon as it was noised abroad that the judge was going to have a command. They were no way alarmed about the other home-guard companies, not thinking them dangerous, except to each other; but the military genius that was now about to dawn upon them put them in doubt if not fear as to what the result might be. Fortunately they never received any arms or there might have been serious work, not with the enemy, but among themselves, not through any ill feeling either, but somehow mistakes in their management would put their lives in jeopardy. One day the captain, when his company had grown up to the neighborhood of twenty, finding that his military knowledge was not equal to the task of drilling them, invested in a copy of Hardee's Tactics. Some would hardly believe the judge would do this, thinking he was too loyal to handle, much less draw his military knowledge from such a Rebel source; and besides, the author of said book was actually on the day he bought it a commander in the Rebel armies and invading the judge and his rights. But he bought the book, nevertheless, and studied it closely, as the result will show. When he thought he had his company up to a presentable appearance, he determined to give them an airing one day, and for that purpose took them from their armory on Sixth Street down Market to Seventh, when, reaching the northeast corner of Seventh, intending to carry them over to Main Street doubtless, for the purpose of striking terror into the hearts of the inhabitants of this hotbed of disloyalty. But they never got there. When they reached the corner named, instead of getting the command "Right wheel," which they should have got and which would have carried them through Seventh toward Main, the captain, in as stentorian a voice as he could command, called out, "Left wheel!" Those that knew they were going toward Main Street went on in that direction, while another section wheeled left as commanded. Never was such a scene of confusion witnessed. The captain was running in every direction to try and collect his scattered forces; but they would not collect. Some went one way, some another. This was the last time they met. The captain lost his company as well as the money he paid for Hardee's Tactics, and the Main street Rebs were still permitted to live.

In the early days of the war a blockade was established which made it almost impossible to receive goods from the North. This



brought about, however, a large amount of smuggling, and various devices were resorted to for the purpose of obtaining supplies. The temptation to engage in smuggling was largely developed, as various commodities even of an indispensable character were becoming scarce, and consequently commanding exorbitant prices. As the necessities of life were getting scarce and high property was rapidly declining in value, and some of the owners of real estate became so alarmed at the aspect of affairs as to sell it for a merely nominal sum. No improvements of course were undertaken under those circumstances, and consequently employment of every kind was almost impossible to obtain. Able-bodied men were therefore driven into the army as a last resort to sustain life, not from choice, but necessity, and more than one of the Kentucky regiments were filled up in this way.

The embargo established to prevent goods from crossing the river to Kentucky soon, however, proved to be a two-edged sword, cutting both ways, as the northern people had goods to sell, and were very anxious to find purchasers for them regardless of who bought them so they got the money. The outcry from that direction against the blockade soon became so clamorous as to cause its modification. All you had to do then was to have some one to vouch for your loyalty, when you would receive a permit that would enable you to get all you could pay for. It was a current rumor that those permits also had their price, and that those who could penetrate the inner circle with a golden key could obtain all the favors they wanted. The species of loyalty to which this state of things gave birth was as mean and as sordid as it was unmanly and contemptible.

---

#### LETTER FROM JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

Looking over a lady's scrap-book, compiled during the war, we came upon the following letter from "Asa Hartz," then a Confederate prisoner at Johnson's Island, showing prison-life there:

BLOCK 3, ROOM 12, JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

*Christmas Night, 1863.*

MY DEAR FRIEND: The anniversary of the birth of the world's Saviour finds me, "Asa Hartz," sitting by the side of a bunk in a

Federal prison inditing a letter—inditing a letter to a lady I never saw in the whole course of my short, bright, and somewhat checkered life, and never heard of until to-day. My lively, good-tempered, and much esteemed friend Colonel W. has just read me, from spots in your letter, and as soon as he had finished, I quietly, but with characteristic firmness, remarked, "Colonel, I'm going to write to that woman to-night." I'm doing it, and I know you too well to apologize for so doing.

To-day is Christmas, or rather, this is Christmas night, and I have enjoyed the day very much. I don't think that the day, as a holiday, possesses any great charms for me since I left my 'teens, some ten years ago; but I love the day because of a something which transpired on it the last time it came around, which something I shall not tell you. I have done all I could to make it (the day) pass off as agreeably as I knew how; I have enjoyed my share of a turkey of the Job style of architecture, and I verily believe of sufficient antiquity to warrant the conclusion that he might have gobbled his gratitude when Noah called for his motley freight at the time of his celebrated voyage. I have watched the countenances of my fellow-prisoners as they walked down to the express office to see if a friend had sent them a Christmas dinner, and walked back again, saying as plainly as silence can say, that they hadn't. I've stretched myself upon my bunk and gazed upon the shores of Erie's lovely lake in "icy fetters bound," letting my imagination go in a rapid flight beyond these prison-walls, beyond the spires of Sandusky, beyond the realms of "Abe," to a beautiful little lake in the semi-tropical State, to a quiet homestead on its margin, where dwells, well! somebody, who wishes as heartily as I do that this "cruel war was over." I have had a little amusement during the day too. For two hours next preceding sunset, I alternately coaxed with a piece of tallow candle a rat from his hole in the corner of the room, and chunked him when he did appear with Colonel W.'s tooth-brush, but he grew weary and stopped coming out to be chunked. (*Mem.*—This Reb. learns an important lesson from this prison-rat; and if ever the Reb. aforesaid gets into his hole he will watch for the yanks, before he puts his head out again.)

Miss A., I wish to make an honest confession to you—I *don't like to stay here*. I would much prefer living in Columbia, S. C., where I spent all but the last eleven years of my life. This place likes me not. The climate is not so warm as that which prevails in Cuba, and the people who surround me don't seem to like my style. "Asa

Hartz" is a trump card in Dixie, but here it is looked upon as meaner than the—deuce! When I shouldered my musket two years ago to go into the service, I did it with the facetious impression that it was a mighty funny thing; that there was a good joke in it somewhere; and that I was the Columbus who was to discover it. I lived on, marched on, went up the hill of promotion, till I got a star on my collar, still hunting for the funny part, for the joke. I flatter myself I found it, found on the 19th of last July (let it stand aye accursed in the calendar!) away down in Mississippi, when and where I rode into a few regiments of blue-coats with an innocence the simplicity of which was not only beautifully infantile but truly sublime. They pressed me so cordially to go with them that I went! That's the way I found the joke—curiosity—morbid curiosity. I did not think it one of my many failings, and if it is (I will grant it for the sake of argument), it has been fully gratified and I want to go back again! Please pardon me if I repeat with a double-breasted vim, "I want to go back again." I wouldn't like the Federal authorities to know I am tired of this country, for they might send the twenty-five hundred other officers here back to Richmond, where the high price of provisions would exhaust my stock of greenbacks so quickly—well the idea makes me hungry. Besides the authorities who watch over us with such unmitigated vigilance, to keep every thing from coming in to hurt us of course, would think me and my companions very ungrateful if they knew we were restive under so much tender solicitude. Please therefore don't mention to any one that *I want to go back again*.

We have many, very many methods of killing time here. We have a first-class theater in full blast, a minstrel band, and a debating society. The outdoor exercises consist of leap-frog, bull-pen, town-ball, base-ball, foot-ball, snow-ball, bat-ball, and ball. The indoor games comprise chess, backgammon, draughts, and every game of cards known to Hoyle, or to his illustrious predecessor, "the gentleman in black."

There are representatives here of every orthodox branch of Christianity, and religious services are held daily. (N. B.—Colonel W. and yours respectfully attend every time.)

We vary our monotony with an occasional exchange. May I tell you what I mean by that? Well! it is a simple ceremony. God help us! The "exchanged" is placed on a small wagon drawn by one horse, his friends form a line in the rear, and the procession moves; passing through the gate, it winds slowly round the prison-walls to a

little grove north of the inclosure; "exchanged" is taken out of the wagon and lowered into the earth—a prayer, an exhortation, a spade, a head-board, a mound of fresh sod, and the friends return to prison again, and that's all of it. Our friend is "exchanged," a grave attests the fact to mortal eyes, and one of God's angels has recorded the "exchange" in the book above. Time and the elements will soon smooth down the little hillock which marks his lonely bed, but invisible friends will hover round it till the dawn of the great day, when all the armies shall be marshaled into line again, when the wars of time shall cease, and the great eternity of peace shall commence.

But I have written you four pages, and for the life of me I can see no point in it at all, and I must stop. I will wind up with four verses of "jingle" I had the temerity to send to George D. Prentice of Louisville. It is true that I do not know you by the conventional form, but it is also true that you are equally ignorant of myself. In mutual ignorance I beg leave with my inherent and well-known modesty to suggest that you appropriate any of the most prominent hints which the following lines convey:

The list is called, and one by one  
The anxious crowd now melts away,  
I linger still and wonder why  
No letter comes for me to-day.  
Are all my friends in Dixie dead,  
Or would they all forgotten be?  
What have I done, what have I said,  
That no one writes a line to me?  
It's mighty queer!

I watch the mails each weary day,  
With anxious eyes the list o'errun;  
I envy him whose name is called,  
But love him more who gets not one;  
For I can sympathize with him,  
And feel how keen his grief must be,  
Since I'm an exile from my home,  
And no one writes a line to me,  
I do declare!

Within a quiet, happy home,  
Far, far in Dixie's sunny clime,  
There dwells a quiet happy maid,  
Who wrote to me in by-gone time.  
Now others from their loved ones hear  
In tender letters, loving, free,

Yet here I've been this half a year,  
And no one writes a line to me.  
We're not estranged!

Will no one write me just a line,  
To say that I'm remembered yet?  
You can not guess how much delight  
I'd feel, could I a letter get,  
Could I but hear from some kind friend,  
Whose face I ne'er again may see;  
Will some one now my anguish end?  
If some one does n't write to me,  
I'll—get exchanged!

Your friend,

“ASA HARTZ.”

#### HEEL AND TOE.

In northeastern Kentucky, as early as August, 1861, it was a little dangerous to a man's personal freedom for him to openly express his sympathies for the southern cause or intention to join the southern army. A few of the writer's personal friends were acquainted with his determination to cast his fortunes with the South, and one of them, a kinswoman of strong southern proclivities and hopes for the success of the cause, but whose cherished life was slowly yielding to the insidious advances of consumption, had laboriously plied her needles during feverish days and sleepless nights, in knitting several pairs of woolen socks, doubled heels and toes. The socks were intended for and were presented to me on the evening when I called to bid her farewell. Much speculative talk of the future of the South was indulged in by all present, and many bright and glowing pictures of its prosperity and grandeur as a nation were drawn. At length the last farewells were spoken, and as I turned to leave the house the lady, flushed with excitement and with flashing eyes raised her thin hand above me and said, “Never let me hear of the heels of those socks being turned to the faces of your country's enemies.” Let us follow those socks. Their experience was varied and their lot a hard one. My heart softens as faithful memory recalls the dear face as I last saw it and blends it with the stirring and thrilling scenes which twenty years have toned and mellowed as it were from troubled fact to glowing fancy.

At midnight I took the stage for Lexington, and running the blockade for side-arms at Louisville, with all the time a fine single-

barreled navy boarding pistol in my valise, found myself on the second night out, at Camp Burnett, Tennessee, and in eager readiness to become a member of the Fourth Kentucky Regiment of infantry, which was rendezvousing at that point.

The winter of '61-2 wore away, and amid the turmoil and excitement of camp-life I had almost forgotten the last parting words of my loved kinswoman. Bowling Green, found untenable, was evacuated, and Johnston's army drew its tortuous length through February sleets out of Kentucky, and away from the homes we loved. Neutrality had paved the way for Johnston's retreat, and the "dark and bloody ground" had seen the flower of its youth driven forth to battle for its sovereign rights in another land.

The heels were turned to the distant foe, and the wearer gave much thought with but indifferent conclusive results as to what could be the causes for a retreat before a battle. We knew that the Second Kentucky and Graves's battery of our brigade had been sent to Donelson, but we did not know that the fort had fallen and Johnston's rear menaced until we were within a few miles of Nashville.

Just before reaching the junction of the Franklin pike with the Bowling Green pike we are halted and the order is given to load. The air is suddenly filled with the flying rumor that the enemy's cavalry is coming in force down the Franklin pike. This move threatened a possible battle, and it might be the destruction of our wagon-train. Every thing, even our arms and uniforms, was almost as new to us as the trying situation itself. The news quickly flew back to the train, and even the rearmost straggler heard it and pushed on to join the column. The patient and all-enduring mules strained at their trace-chains, encouraged by voice and whips of their demoralized drivers, and at a slashing trot pull their loads beyond the Franklin pike. The brigade follows at a quick step. The Rubicon is passed, and "all bloodless lay the *trodden* snow which covered the battle-field of 'Sunset.'" The excitement has warmed our blood, and we are easily induced by orders from our superiors to increase our step from a quick to a double-quick, and at this gait Edgefield is passed so rapidly that I have never had any very distinct recollection of the place. Nashville reached, but we do not tarry. Is the town illuminated in honor of our arrival and hasty departure? O no. 'T is only the commissaries burning their bacon to save it from the enemy. O Porkopolis, how much of thy product was so consumed during those terrible days, when the soldier went hungry to bed on his couch of straw? Where are we going? I fear the heels of my

socks are like "the wicked, who flee when no man pursueth." The question is asked throughout the camp, and none can answer it. There is no drooping of hope or lack of confidence. Does not Johnston command? and is not all well so long as he guides and directs?

On we march, passing through the rich and beautiful country of southern Tennessee and northern Alabama to Decatur, thence to Burnsville, Mississippi, and thence to the objective point of the campaign, the battle-field of Shiloh, where, on the banks of the flowing Tennessee, had brothers met as foemen, each worthy of the other's steel, and determined to do their utmost each the other to overcome. To nine tenths of either host this was their first tangible experience of battle. All had longed for this moment, and some had feared the war would close before they had witnessed a stricken field, but none were disappointed, and to many it proved both first and last.

Our regiment was in the third and rear line of battle, and for several hours before we were engaged we were passive spectators of the work which was being done beneath the canopy of sulphurous smoke which covered the field. Our own wounded and the prisoners who were brought to the rear told us of the mighty struggle which was going on. At last Bragg is called upon, and right cheerfully does he respond. Crittenden's division, our own Breckinridge commanding, is ordered to the fore. Double-quick and away we go. Who would not be a soldier and feel the thrilling intoxication of a charge? Our brass band has played martial airs until the order to move is given, when they melt away into thin air and are seen no more until many days after the battle, when they report for duty at Corinth, each in a new Federal uniform and grasping a silver horn. "They had scouted them and routed them, nor lost a single man." But we did not miss their music on the field; we did not need the incentive to action which the stirring strains of Dixie give. We were taking account of each other and that was enough to hold a man to his place though the heavens should fall.

On, on we go; line after line goes down or retires before us. The earth drinks the life-blood of our best and bravest at every step, but on push the panting and battle-grimed survivors. Prentiss and his command pass rapidly and sullenly to the rear. There are no evidences of the combat about them. Have they surrendered to gain time? 'T is long past noon, and if such be the case thirty minutes at least of daylight is lost to us. The batteries from the gun-boats in the river open on us in Prentiss's camp just so soon

as he has vacated it. This looks like his surrender had been pre-arranged. At all events we alone get the benefit of the shelling. But the river's bank is too high and the shells fly wildly over us. We draw nearer to the river and to the guns—it is safer so—and the gallant Trabue, in command of the brigade, knows as well how to protect his men when nothing is to be gained by exposure as he does how to fight them at the proper time.

And now night curtains the field in sable folds, and the toe of the sock still faces the beaten foe. Will it be so when to-morrow's sun sinks in the west? To-morrow is another day, and none may tell what it will bring forth. At length we are ordered to retire, which was done in most excellent order and without loss, notwithstanding the fire of the gun-boats which swept the air high above us. The night was intensely dark and the air tainted with burnt and burning powder, but we had become accustomed to this after inhaling it all day, and it rather acted as an appetizer than otherwise. At last a halt was called in the midst of an Ohio camp—I forget the number of the regiment—and the command to break ranks was given and promptly executed.

Here was a chance for a feed, such as we had not had before for months, and such as we never had again during our soldier-experience. Those Buckeye soldiers were surrounded with all the comforts and luxuries of life, and up to that glorious Sunday morning had enjoyed all the table-luxuries, such as we had almost forgotten the name and entirely the taste of. The sutler of that regiment must have catered for the Burnet or St. Charles in days gone by. He had every thing which could tempt the appetite of the most fastidious, and as it was a free lunch we stood not upon ceremony but went at it in earnest. In ten minutes after ranks were broken I saw men with ten pounds of "store-tea"—enough to make a cistern full of that temperance beverage—in one camp-kettle, and calling clamorously for men in their mess to go for water. Others had whole cheeses from the "Western Reserve" on their bayonets, and others again were loaded down with canned meats and fruits. O it was a grand feast, and washed down with oceans of beer, wine, and brandy. It was hinted, more than once, that the troops might be, to some extent, demoralized for the next day's work by reason of the night's debauch, but there was nothing in it, albeit some may have felt as I did, just a little thin about the gills in the early morning, but a pull or two at my trusty canteen, and "Richard was himself again."



In the early days of Camp Burnett Major T. B. Moore of ours, had told me of a presentiment he had, and that he felt certain he would be killed in his first battle. On that memorable Sunday night at Shiloh we occupied the same tent, and after enjoying a hearty supper and nerve-soothing smoke, were about pulling our blankets around us, when I called his attention to the miscarriage of his presentiment, and laughed at him for entertaining such old time superstitions. He only said, "The enemy will be heavily reinforced to-night, and to-morrow's fight will be more severe than to-day's by reason of the increased odds against us, and as the two-days' fight will constitute only one battle it is too early for your congratulations; and now as it is late and we shall need all the rest and sleep we can get, I bid you good night." At midnight we were awakened by deafening peals of thunder and glaring flashes of lightning. Heaven's artillery was hurling its bolts from on high as though maddened at man's weak efforts to imitate its play. The rain came down in sheets and the wind blowing down our canvas shelter left us at the mercy of the deluge; tall trees were bent almost to the ground, and springing back filled the air with broken branches. The darkness after each flash of lightning could almost be felt, it was so intense; soldiers laughed and yelled at each other, horses neighed and trembled in terror. The wind blew as if 'twould blow its last; yet amid all the confusion, discomfort, and misery of the night could be heard, at regular intervals, the muffled boom of a distant gun. The object of its fire gave rise to various surmises amongst our troops, but was never explained beyond the fact that it was the enemy's gun.

At length after hours of waiting the light of another day became dimly discernable, but there was no sun to gild the tree-tops and gladden the heart of nature; a bleak, cold, dismal, murky morning. A cheerless breakfast, and we are in line again. The clock-like system of Sunday's fighting appeared to have gone down with the sun, or to have been lost to us forever with the life of the godlike Johnston; even the discomforts of the preceeding night damped the enthusiastic ardor of the soldiers. But there appeared to be something wanting which had been with us and in us the day before. I called Major Monroe's attention to the feeling as the regiment was forming, but he laughed and said my feelings were due to the richness of my supper and the atmospheric conditions of the morning. Be that as it may, the feeling never left me during the day. The toes of my socks, though slightly demoralized with mud and water, still fronted the invader, and I was contented.

Vol. I, No. 6—13

## A FEW LITTLE INCIDENTS.

## CHAPTER I.

While we were a good deal like Cole Cowherd who, being the possessor of a long nasal organ, said on one occasion when the boys were recounting around the camp-fire what occurred in the last fight, "These fellows that see so much don't fight much, for I go through the fight like a blue streak and am afraid to turn my face either way for fear I get my nose shot off." Yet there were some things that one was bound to take notice of, and of these we will now and then give a short sketch. It is strange how one lives over in his dreams the skirmishes and battles of yore and yet never catches in these a single glimpse of the wit, humor, irony, and sarcasm which once greeted his ears from every side and which seemed to involuntarily escape from the lips of the soldier. In fact the real or apparent want of effort gave the greater zest to the word or act, for in fact the act and deed were as often possessed of these characteristics as was the word. As an instance of this we remember how many hearty laughs we enjoyed on the raid of Morgan through Indiana and Ohio when passing a soldier fast asleep on his horse which had been led into the fence corner and hitched by some wag.

On one occasion during that raid while halted before a house one of the family got into conversation with a member of the command and informed him that the family mastiff was named Lincoln, when the soldier said, "Do you know what I would do with that dog if I owned him?" "No," was the reply, "what would you?" "I would cut his tail off just behind his ears." This caused an immense disgust to more than one loyal lady. The command on that raid so far as we remember never went into camp nor even stopped a half a night after it left Garnettsville, Kentucky, till we parted with it by swimming the river at Belleville. The march usually (we might almost say always) began at about four o'clock A.M. and continued till three o'clock next morning, when it would halt in the road in column for an hour or so. The only halt made on the march would be about nine o'clock in the morning and six in the evening, when we would turn into a field of grain to feed, consuming each time about one half hour. The men got cheese, crackers, and such edibles in the stores and cold bread, cakes, pies, and canned fruits at the deserted houses, as from about nine in the morning when the news of our coming would get ahead of us till night, men, women, chil-

dren, and dogs even had left their homes, not taking time to lock up, and gone to the woods a picnicking. Often would you see the familiar picture of Mr. Bell and his children running from the Indians in the second reader in some family just reaching the woods, the older ones carrying the younger in their arms and the dog closing up the rear. Two of the boys found a man supposed to be a Dutchman between two beds his feet exposed to view from which they drew a splendid pair of boots without his showing any signs of life during their stay. We had some new recruits who bore the hardships of this raid without a murmur, when the soldier hardened by many a raid seemed worn entirely out. When we reached the edge of the Ohio River at Belleville we found General Morgan with his horse's head toward the Ohio shore as we then supposed watching the troops pass and waiting to see if there was any need for his services by any pressure from the enemy following us. We had been informed by a citizen in our gallop from Buffington Bar (where the enemy had cut us up so severely that morning by the cavalry artillery from the hills and infantry, and their artillery landed from the gunboats, or transports, at the lower end of the bottom, and the shells from the gunboats that had moved up opposite us all crossing upon us) that there were bars in the river just above Buffington Bar; that the gunboats could not possibly pass; and we did not even suspect their presence until looking back when about half across the river we discovered no one behind us and our column on the Ohio side moving up the river. These discoveries caused us to cast our eye down the river when the perspective on water made the gunboats or transports appear almost upon us, and just then their guns opened on us, and before we secured a safe footing on the bank they were reaching us with small arms. At least two thirds the width of the river was fordable and our horses did not swim over three hundred yards. The bath in these placid waters was nothing to men who had so often swam the swollen torrents of Kentucky and Tennessee. Three days' march over hill and mountain of Virginia with but little for man or beast, following two weeks of constant marching through the enemy's territory (Tennessee, Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio, and Virginia—five States), without a place where to lay our heads, prepared about one hundred and thirty men, the number escaping to enjoy the scene that, like the Holy Land to Moses and the Jews, greeted our eyes as we marched around the summit of Cold Knob with the beautiful bluegrass valley of Greenbrier lying below us.

We confess we never had a faint conception of the pleasure that

those footsore and soul-weary children of God experienced when, looking from Mount Pisgah's height across the River Jordan they saw the land of promise flowing with milk and honey, until that bright morning when we saw before us that smiling valley with here and there clumps of trees out of which the smoke curled up gracefully, interspersed with a blue-green carpet of grass, upon which browsed lazily the finest horses and cattle. What gave a peculiar zest to all this was the fact that there were our friends and *rest*. But Morgan, our chief, was lost and from that day till the rendezvous near Decatur, Georgia, after his escape, we were tossed from post to pillar with nothing to soothe our restlessness but the fact that we were treated by those with whom we were thrown with more than ordinary consideration, whether through pity for our orphanage or from that respect which gallantry will more readily evoke from the brave soldier than any other class of people, we will not and in fact can not say. Allow us to say that General Morgan could have easily escaped, for we are now satisfied that he had discovered the approach of the gunboats or transports before we saw him, and this had occasioned him to return to his men in danger, not being willing to secure his own safety by deserting a greater portion of his command. No one can surmise what this sacrifice cost the Confederacy, for had he escaped, though most of his men had been captured instead of all, the idle troops guarding bridges, etc., in Kentucky being rapidly pushed to the front, thousands more would have been deployed from the front to guard in Indiana and Ohio.

---

#### WHAT A SOLDIER SAW AND KNOWS.

##### III.

I saw the new command wending its way toward Cumberland Gap, Kentucky, and unknown dangers, and I knew that though a few of these men had been in Kentucky, either at school or on trading expeditions, the greater number had never been farther from home than Knoxville or Bristol. I saw eyes unused to weeping become tearful as the sad tenderness of a farewell look lingered on the fading view of modest little homes on the hill-sides, homes humble as they were, yet homes sheltering devoted wives and children just beginning the harsh lessons of life with the first chapters of the

story of a fratricidal war, as the father, yet in sight, rides up the incline of the Cumberland an unconscious worker on the woof of history.

The soldier sees in the distance *behind* him all that makes his life dear, and knows that *before* him is the path to duty, to adventure, and to — what? It will not do to stop on the cold summit of the Cumberland to anticipate the crushed hopes that then lay hidden in the undeveloped future when before us is Kentucky, the State of superlative excellence, having the loveliest women, the finest horses, the best tobacco and blue-grass. Our Tennesseans longed to see what the mule-traders had pictured, and the "war soon granted" what their limited purses had hitherto denied, for they were in that part of the land of "Cane and Turkey" where the worship of the sunflower and the three "R's" had not changed man from his pristine elegance; and as to the gentle women, well, the pencil of a Rubens *might* do them justice, Theophilus Brown can't. Imagine the woman who could love a "moonshiner," and draw on the retina of your fancy the woman a moonshiner would side up to as his "dulcinea," and a pen-sketch is not necessary. In the mountain Kentuckian if "secesh," we saw a diamond in the rough. If he followed the "gridiron" flag, he was voted a man "worthy, as they said in old Noll's time, to be hanged."

We rode on, only stopping at times, to knock aside the puncheons in the lofts of the chinked and daubed cabins in the search of nubbins of corn of the "nut-coal" size, and all the time promising the expectant Tennesseans a view of Kentucky proper when our tired war-steeds would graze on blue-grass in the land flowing with Alderney milk and sour mash.

There is a quality of State pride which will not bear transporting into the mountainous country. Mine was of that kind and died right there while we hurried on through Barbourville, with its imposing fence inclosing an unimposing court-house, through the same nubbin-producing country, with its queer names of towns and villages, Raccoon, Gray Hawk, and Cut Shin, sandwiched by fairer-sounding ones of White Lily and Woodbine.

Through Richmond, from which Munson and Nelson had just been hurled toward Louisville and the Ohio River, by Crab Orchard, through Lancaster and Danville, and on to Perryville and into the battle then in progress.

It is not my purpose to make mention of the horrors of an actual battle, but to jot down the pleasantries of the camp and the march,

but the recollection of one incident of that day blends the ludicrous with the serious. I had a shocking bad hat and deemed it altogether right that my golden ringlets should be better protected from the weather, and as we, in changing position, galloped over the field where the fight had been hottest and where the bullets were still musical, where the wounded, dead, and dying in the blue and gray joining shrieks with groans, there intermingled lay, I reined up my steed and springing from the saddle gently lifted a hat from the head of a fallen foeman and replaced it with my own just as the corpse opened his eyes of blue and faintly asked for water, for which the wounded on all sides were calling. The water was given, I re-exchanged the hats, and springing into the saddle galloped to the command *happy* in the belief that should I fall in that fight the recording angel would not register against the name of Theophilus Brown the terrible charge that he put on the head of a dying foeman a battered and tattered Confederate hat.

The battle was won and the Federal commander refusing to knock another chip off our shoulder, we resorted to the game of Bragg and fell back to Camp Dick Robinson, but not before I *saw* one of the prettiest fights of the war; and this I know, that our invasion of "neutral" Kentucky yielded no blue-grass accompaniments, and no special advantages, unless it was it enabled every post quartermaster, every provost marshal and his numerous clerks to don a suit of Kentucky jeans to wear with their laundried collars, while the bearers of the musket had tickets in the distribution with chances not greater than those in the scheme of Louisville hotel-lotteries.

I had been detailed to assist Colonel Campbell in getting out the long train of plunder, and was before the hour of starting musing dismally on "what might have been" when my bivouac fire threw before me the shadow of our colonel's form, and a voice carrying with it a recognition of the speaker broke the silence with "Brown I'm going to-night toward Danville, and possibly I may be killed," then his pumpkin-colored features rolled up in folds like a piece of untanned leather that had long lain out in the rain; and he continued, "Brown, I'm engaged to a widow in B., and I want you to write her a letter, a *love*-letter, you know, just like you would write to your *own* sweetheart. I have a presentiment that I shall not return." With these words he went away into the gloom of the woods as I stammered, "Certainly, colonel, if you wish me to write it."

And I put myself in his place, aged fifty-nine, and wrote a love-letter to my brevet "jeu spicer," aged fifty and seven, wrinkled and

very gray, because I regarded the request of a love-sick old fool with a presentiment as a sort of last will and testament. I wrote that letter filled to its margins with adjectives expressive of the deepest and most fervent love and sent it by special courier toward Tennessee, and the gushing young widow with the bloom of nearly three score summers upon her corrugated cheek. (Mrs. Theophilus Brown does not read the BIVOUAC.)

The night wore on and just as I was saddling my "sorrel" to report to Colonel Campbell, the Twelfth Tennessee, with its old bronzed, love-sick commander returned from the scout and what followed is soon told, because it is the simple mention of a race, not the race of Bragg or Buell for Middle Tennessee, but the race between Brown and the courier speeding toward Tennessee with the silly last words of a *loving* rebel. On, on, leaving behind the cracking of whips, the yells and oaths of noisy teamsters, passed broken-down wagons, over streams, passed hedges and woodlands, so fast that every thing seemed to spin on the roadside, and on, what mattered it whether the Federals captured the train at London, or whether our army was safe behind the Cumberland, or whether it reached Middle Tennessee before the Federals, so that *the* letter was again in the hands of its author, or, until at last the courier is halted with a shout as joyous as the Greek "thalassa." The letter is recovered and the courier is treated to a pirouette combining the most extravagant features of the can-can and Comanche war-dance, ending at a fire in the fence-corner when those precious adjectives "darling," "dearest," "loveliest," and so "*ad nauseum*," were with the sweetest satisfaction seen to pass into the black nothingness of burnt paper.

The widow afterward placed a tombstone over the remains of the colonel, which she would hardly have done had she read that overgushing letter. So the story of the chase after a love-letter, brought me on the wings of love as it were to London town, far on the way to Tennessee, and reporting to Colonel Campbell that the train was coming on all right, I was relieved from that detached service and remained in London until the Twelfth passed there on the way to Tennessee and home.

The Twelfth Tennessee Cavalry participated in many of the battles and skirmishes of the war with credit to itself, and I remained long enough with these Tennesseans to SEE their courageous bearing in many contests and to know that like a certain domestic bird they were especially good on their own d—hills, and there this paper leaves them.

## Editorial.

### DR. JONES'S LECTURE.

If any thing could have repaid one for venturing out in the storm of Tuesday, the 7th, *that* something was the eloquent lecture of Dr. Jones of Richmond, Virginia, delivered before the Southern Historical Association. The lecture was full of good things, made more enjoyable by the impressive oratory and irresistible humor of the lecturer. The "boys in gray" were portrayed as he saw them when he marched with them from Harper's Ferry to Appomattox, bivouacked with them, fought with them, or administered to them on the field or in hospital. He quoted a remark of General Hooker, that the Confederate army, though inferior in numbers, were superior in battle, and controverted an assertion the general made in derogation of the intellectual character of the "boys in gray" by contrasting the "make-up" of the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia; paid a glowing tribute to the religious zeal of the soldiers of the South; lauded their heroism; depicted their sufferings caused by want of shoes and clothing, and said some things should be forgotten—the hate and bitterness engendered by the strife; but we would never forget their heroism and devotion, and what we owed the "boys in gray." We prefer them for office, and though he would like to see the "boys in blue" sitting beside the "boys in gray" in the halls of legislation, yet because the people of the North prefer the politician to the soldier affords no reason why we should not pay, in this way, a part at least of what *we* owe the "boys in gray." The lecturer has the happy faculty of transitions from his impassioned flights to the humors of the bivouac without losing the eager interest of the auditor. We feel that the doctor has, by this delightful lecture, repaid us for much of what he says he is indebted to us.



## Query Box.

QUESTION: "Are there for sale any copies of Captain Ed. Porter Thompson's History of the First Kentucky Brigade?"

LOUISVILLE.

D. W.

Answer: We think not. The captain now lives in Bentonville, Arkansas. You can address him there.

"Is THE Southern Historical Association of your city a branch of the Society in Richmond?"

DENVER, COL.

C. T. P.

Answer: It is an independent association, but has contributed largely to the papers of the Richmond Society, and is one of its heartiest well-wishers.

"PLEASE tell me the rank (and arm of service) of Hon. M. H. Cofer, late Chief Justice of Kentucky."

Answer: Judge Martin Hardin Cofer was Colonel of the Sixth Kentucky Infantry, and Provost-Marshal-General of the Army of Tennessee. He succeeded General Jo. H. Lewis as commander of the Sixth, and since the war General Lewis succeeded him as Chief Justice of Kentucky.

PARIS, TENN.

O. F.

Referring to the above question and answer we would suggest that some one write, for the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC, a sketch of Judge Cofer's life. It will be very interesting reading to all our subscribers.

ANSWER TO QUERY OF J. M. T., IN JANUARY NUMBER.—In answer to the query relating to the statue surmounting the monument to the Confederate dead in Savannah, Mrs. DeRenne begs to state that it was intended for the likeness of no one man. Observation during the war developed the fact that the natives of the different Southern States exhibited very distinct peculiarities. For instance, the face of the Georgian was rather concave; that of the Virginian more convex, with higher cheek-bones. Thus, though likenesses of brave men who had fought gave to the artist general ideas, the result is a type, a Georgian, not an individual. The uniform and hat were copied from those worn by a hero—one of the "men" of the Confederate army, to whose memory the statue is a tribute.

SAVANNAH, February 5, 1883.

## Taps.

THE old war-horse Beauregard, the last surviving charger of the late war in Maryland, died at Chantilly, that State, last week. He was ridden by Captain W. I. Rasin at the surrender at Appomattox, and previously by Lieutenant Henry C. Blackiston, who was killed at Bunker Hill, Va., in July, 1863.

CAPTAIN M., of the Louisiana Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia, says that in his opinion the North Carolina Infantry were the best troops in that army; they would follow their leaders any where. A North Carolina man, if lucky enough to get it, could eat a side of bacon without its making him any heavier. When dead his body never decomposed, he simply turned as yellow as a saddle, then dried up and blew away. A field full of dead tar-heels would cause *no* stench.

WHY THE PICKETS CEASED FIRING AT EACH OTHER.—The pickets on the left at Sharpsburg, in front of Jackson's corps, were in the habit of shooting at each other until a rebel shouted to a Federal and asked him to agree *not* to shoot, to which the Yankee assented; but in a short time Johnny cried out, "Say, Yank, tell the man on your left not to shoot; would just as lief be shot by *you* as by *him*." So the word passed from man to man till not a gun was fired on the picket-line.

COULDN'T BE RALLIED.—The average Confederate was always prompt to draw his rations, always sprung to answer the commissary's call with the alacrity of a hungry man, and a slice of fresh beef was a powerful agent in accelerating his movements toward the rallying point, so when Pat. C., of Company H, Second Kentucky Infantry, saw a frightened cur lining himself into a black streak, he yelled out, to the infinite amusement of his comrades, "Begorra, *he* couldn't be rallied even *with a fresh beefsteak!*"

THE VIRGINIA BLUES.—'Captain W., of Lynchburg, Va., raised a company for the Confederate army in New Orleans, and though the members were nearly all Irishmen, true to his State pride called the company the Virginia Blues, and wrote to his mother in Lynchburg to have something prepared for the Virginians when they should arrive at L. The company having reached the depot a detail was made to go to the W. mansion for the viands. Reaching there, the good lady, with a look of pride at the soldierly *Virginians*, asked, "From what part of the Old Dominion are you, gentlemen?" When the leader taking from his mouth a short-stemmed pipe replied, "From *Cork*, ma'am."

THE CONFEDERATE UNIFORM.—At the outbreak of the war between the States, Captain Reynolds raised a company of Mississippians, and in the enthusiasm of the occasion made some rash promises to the parents of the boys, among these was one to keep his company well uniformed. Years passed, and one of the anxious fathers visiting the Army of Northern Virginia was mortified to see his boy clothed in rags. He upbraided the captain for not keeping his company in uniform. The captain for a moment was stunned, but recovered himself and cried out, "Attention company! about face;" and as the unconfined rags fluttered like so many banners of poverty from each "Pope's headquarters," Captain R. pointed to the company and said, "They are *uniformed*, sir."

ENDURANCE.—Thomas Strother, a native of Logan County, Kentucky, enlisted in Captain King's company. This company and Captain Morehead's having been greatly reduced at Shiloh were consolidated at Corinth and formed Company "G," Ninth Kentucky. Tom was a stout-built man and made a splendid soldier. My attention was first drawn to him by his being always ready to go on guard, fatigue, or picket, when called upon, and in such a hurry to report for duty that sometimes he was hardly done fixing up when he reported. At Chickamauga while marching by the flank toward the enemy I saw him shaking his left foot every step he gave and the blood squirting from it. Asking him what's the matter, he said, "O, nothing; only a minie in my shoe." When we formed in line he had time enough to take his shoe off and extract the ball out of his big toe; putting his shoe on again and the ball in his pocket he went through that day's fight, never grunting or complaining. At night he tied his toe up in a rag and did duty all the time while it

was healing. At Atlanta when we made that sortie he was detailed on the infirmary corps. While carrying a wounded man a three-inch shell went through his left forearm; he held on to the litter with his right hand until they got to the field hospital. During the night the hospital moved several miles, and Thomas walked all the way carrying his left hand in his right. Some time that forenoon his time came to get on the table to be carved. Byrns asked him if he wanted chloroform. Tom says, "No; give me a glass of whisky." They raised him up and gave him a tumbler full, laid him down and commenced cutting and sawing. Tom kept his eyes on them and never moved a muscle. After he was bandaged and raised up, he was told they were through with him. He stepped off some distance where some of the boys were playing poker, asked for the deck to see if he could shuffle with one hand. For a long time he stayed with his mess, chopping all the wood they wanted for cooking with a hatchet he always kept sharp.

WHILE General Joseph E. Johnston's Army of Tennessee was in quarters at Dalton, Georgia, in the winter of 1863-4, a few choice spirits of the Orphan Brigade associated themselves together for the purpose of relieving the tedium and monotony of camp-life by an occasional *sociale*, *musicale*, concert, *serenade*, etc. And many were the pleasant evenings so passed around their camp-fires that eventful winter. One evening, and shortly after going into winter-quarters, it being unanimously decided to go serenading, a pass being secured, the club were soon wending their way to the city hard by. But a difficulty presented itself. Not having an acquaintance in the place, how were they to proceed? How tell where or whom to serenade? The gordian knot was cut by finally determining to trust to luck, select the first eligible-looking residence they should come to, and fire away, hit or miss. And soon they were under the balconied windows of a most imposing edifice, which from its surroundings of taste and elegance gave promise of any number of appreciative fair ones within. Selecting as appropriate to such surroundings one of their most difficult and classical tidbits of song, they at once, and without further ado proceeded to tune their instruments to "sweet accord." I forget the selection, but no matter. After a well-executed prelude, the rich baritone of the leader's solo took up the theme and swelled out in rich ripples of sound upon the stillness of the night. A number of ladies and gentlemen and a still greater number of belated soldiers and urchins, attracted to the spot, soon drew

around, quiet and unobtrusive, but delighted auditors. The song went on, gathering in sweetness and volume, as tenor answered to soprano, and base to alto, till finally as the full-voiced chorus burst out upon the tremulous air, it swelled into a perfect torrent of melody. A stanza, another, and still another, and then, just as the song or recitation was about to rise into its climax, a window above was thrown up, a ghostly night-capped head thrust out, and a voice, shrill, nasal, and unappreciative to the last degree, sang out, "Say, mister; kin you 'uns sing 'Root hog 'n die?" The result need not be told.

J. M. TYDINGS.

CORPORAL LEANDER WASHINGTON APPLGATE was a soldier tried and true. He was brimful of humor, not devoid of wit, and his sayings were the cause of many a hearty laugh around the camp-fire. He was not voluble, however, for whatever he said was briefly spoken, and to the point. He gave a strong nasal accent to his words, which rendered his laconic speeches still more amusing. The present incident happened with the corporal while the regiment was encamped near Bowling Green in the autumn of 1861. Then the boys were experiencing the sunny side of soldering—had bran new tents, flashy uniforms, and had canvased hams and other good things, in the way of rations. Hardee's Tactics and the Army Regulations were followed to the letter, however, and guard duty was as strictly performed as if the enemy were in musket range instead of being on the north side of Green River, many miles away. It was the corporal's day for camp guard, and having posted his relief at nightfall was giving out the countersign. He came to a sentinel whose beat ran close to the rear of the tents of one of the companies, and carefully sheltering his mouth with his hand, the corporal whispered the word "Borodino" softly into the soldier's ear. "What is it?" said the sentinel, rather loudly, who, though he had a multitude of unfought battles before him, was not well posted in regard to those then on the historic page, and was consequently a little dull in comprehending the countersign. "Borodino," again whispered the corporal a little louder. "What is it?" said the sentinel in a lower tone. The countersign was repeated several times into the sentinel's ear, and as the corporal grew loud, the soldier's questions "What is it?" dwindled to the lowest whispers. At length the corporal's patience was worn threadbare, and he yelled into the sentinel's ear at the top of his voice, "B-o-r-o-d-i-n-o, by G—d! Now, do you understand it?" and without further ado passed on to the next senti-

nel. It is needless to say that there were those in earshot who were not entitled to the countersign, and many a soldier of the regiment, being thus armed with the mystic word, passed the lines that night and had a "huge" time in town.

"AN INTERESTING RELIC.—While a closet in an old building was being cleaned out an electrotpe plate, six by eight inches, was found. An impression was taken and it was found to be a dye for Confederate ten-cent stamps, having a vignette of Jefferson Davis. A large number were printed and distributed as relics. The closet had not been touched for eight years, at which time it was in the possession of Tom Grady, now dead; so there is no means of knowing how it came there. One gentleman offered one thousand dollars for the possession of the relic."

The five-cent postage stamp, of the Confederacy, had a vignette giving so excellent a likeness of ex-President Davis that the soldier had no difficulty in recognizing the original from the vignette, in fact it was an old camp story that a drunken soldier in Richmond, while staggering along, jostled the distinguished chief of the Confederacy and was reprimanded for it, when the soldier asked the President who in the thunder he was. The President answered, "I am President Davis," when the soldier, after a long look at the Presidential countenance, exclaimed, "Well, you do look like an infernal old postage stamp." The soldiers, however, were generally without stamps, and usually franked their letters, but when fortunate enough to secure one for a letter, the indifferent mucilage prevented its secure adhesion to the paper, in which case the legend "paid if the blamed thing sticks" was written around the stamp. But the ten-cent stamp mentioned in the extract above as an interesting relic was made in England, and had the vignette of "Uncle Jeff." with a gray goatee, and it stuck to the envelope with true Johnny Bull-dog tenacity, until P. M. General Reagan had all postal contracts informally canceled as he skedadled from Richmond.

**EXTRA CHOICE NEW ORLEANS  
AND "OLD STYLE SUGAR-HOUSE" MOLASSES.**

White Sugar, Drip and Maple Syrup.

All of which we guarantee absolutely free from all adulterations, in store and for sale by

**JEFFERSON & WRIGHT,**

234 West Market Street, Louisville, Ky.

---

**ROGERS & TULEY,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF

**PAPER, BOXES, PRINTERS AND BINDERS**

237 Third Avenue, between Main and Market Streets,  
WM. B. ROGERS,  
E. S. TULEY, LOUISVILLE, KY.

---

Fine Commercial Printing. Medical Books.  
**GILBERT & MALLORY PUBLISHING COMPANY,**  
STATIONERS,  
Booksellers, Printers, Binders, and Paper Box Manufacturers.  
BLANK BOOKS A SPECIALTY.  
Cor. Third Ave. and Green Streets, opposite Custom House, Louisville, Ky.

---

**COURIER-JOURNAL JOB ROOMS,**

R. W. MEREDITH & CO., Proprietors.

**BOOK AND JOB PRINTING**

Binding, Blank Book Manufacturing, Engraving, Electrotyping,  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

All Kinds of Printing Done Neatly and Quickly at Reasonable Prices

---

**W. H. McKNIGHT,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

**CARPET WAREHOUSE,**


No. 320 Main, between Third and Fourth

LOUISVILLE, KY.

THE OLDEST AND MOST COMPLETE MUSIC HOUSE IN THE SOUTHWEST.

D. P. FAULDS,

523 Fourth Ave., - - LOUISVILLE, KY.

<p style="writing-mode: vertical-rl; transform: rotate(180deg);"><b>ORGANS</b></p> <p style="writing-mode: vertical-rl; transform: rotate(180deg);">With a reputation all over the world.</p>		<p style="writing-mode: vertical-rl; transform: rotate(180deg);"><b>PIANOS</b></p> <p style="writing-mode: vertical-rl; transform: rotate(180deg);">Known for the past quarter of a century.</p>
---	---	--

## Sheet Music and Musical Goods of Every Description

PIANOS MADE BY:  
**CHICKERING,**  
**KNABE,**  
**ERNEST GABLER,**  
**WHEELLOCK,**  
**KURTZMANN,**  
**GROVESTEN & FULLER.**

ORGANS MADE BY:  
**MASON & HAMLIN,**  
**SMITH AMERICAN,**  
**CLOUGH & WARREN,**  
**NEW ENGLAND ORGAN CO**  
**NEW HAVEN ORGAN CO.**

Every Piano and Organ **WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS** and satisfaction guaranteed. Parties writing direct to me obtain wholesale rates for cash.

INSTRUMENTS SOLD ON EASY PAYMENTS.



Baby Organ, \$22.

## THE ORGANINA

Is The Gem of Musical Wonders

THE INSTRUMENT AND MUSICIAN COMBINED.

A LITTLE CHILD CAN OPERATE IT

Price only \$10.

**D. P. FAULDS.**





MR. A. W. RANDOLPH

Is the AUTHORIZED AGENT for

**"The Southern Bivouac"**

FOR THE CITY OF LOUISVILLE.

City Subscriptions and applications for Advertising space should be made to him at the Court House.

---

**Louisville Abstract and Loan Association,**

SOUTHEAST CORNER CENTER AND GREEN STREETS.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Only Office of the kind in this city, and, with their books and maps, the examination of titles is made rapid, thorough, and reliable. All abstracts guaranteed.

**CHARGES.**

For full abstract of city property, when value does not exceed \$1,000, . . . . . \$10 00  
For each \$1,000, in excess of \$1,000, . . . . . 2 00  
For full abstract of county property, when value does not exceed \$2,500, . . . . . 15 00  
For each \$1,000, in excess of \$2,500, . . . . . 2 00

For chains of title, one half of above rates.

E. H. McDONALD, Secretary.

---

**BAMBERGER, BLOOM & CO.**

WHOLESALE

**DRY GOODS,**

**Notions, Furnishing & Fancy Goods, Etc.**

NOS. 644 TO 650 MAIN ST. & 217 & 219 SEVENTH ST.,

115 & 117 Worth St.,  
NEW YORK

**LOUISVILLE, KY.**